

Triluz

presents

TALES FROM OSCAR WILDE

THE HAPPY PRINCE



THE HAPPY PRINCE

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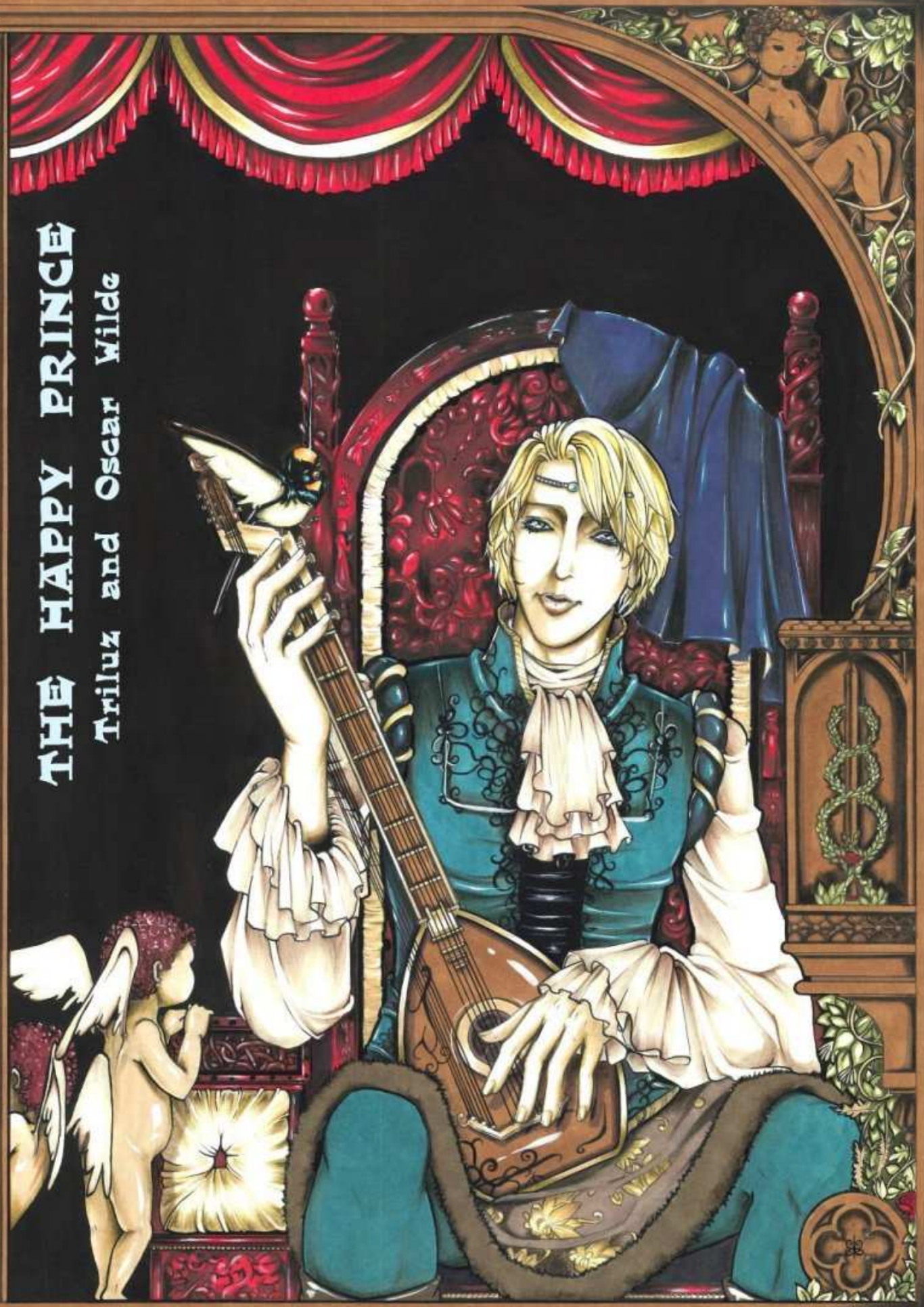
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THE HAPPY PRINCE

Triluz and Oscar Wilde



Triluz

The Happy Prince

HIGH ABOVE THE CITY ON A TALL COLUMN STOOD THE STATUE OF THE HAPPY PRINCE.

HE WAS GILDED ALL OVER WITH THIN LEAVES OF FINE GOLD. FOR EYES HE HAD TWO BRIGHT SAPPHIRES AND A LARGE RED RUBY GLOWED IN HIS SWORD.

HE WAS VERY MUCH ADMIRER INDEED.

"HE IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS A WEATHERCOCK," REMARKED ONE OF THE TOWN COUNCILLORS WHO WISHED TO GAIN A REPUTATION FOR HAVING ARTISTIC TASTES.

I AM GLAD THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE WORLD WHO IS QUITE HAPPY.

HE LOOKS JUST LIKE AN ANGEL.

WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE THE HAPPY PRINCE? HE NEVER DREAMS OF CRYING FOR ANYTHING.

HOW DO YOU KNOW, YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN ONE.

AH, BUT WE HAVE IN OUR DREAMS.

AND THE MATHEMATICAL MASTER FROWNED AND LOOKED VERY SEVERE FOR HE DID NOT APPROVE OF CHILDREN DREAMING.

Adapted by Triluz from the tale by Oscar Wilde.



ONE NIGHT THERE FLEW OVER THE CITY A LITTLE SWALLOW. HIS FRIENDS HAD GONE AWAY TO EGYPT SIX WEEKS BEFORE, BUT HE HAD STAYED BEHIND FOR HE WAS IN LOVE WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL REED. HE HAD MET HER EARLY IN THE SPRING AS HE WAS FLYING DOWN THE RIVER AFTER A BIG YELLOW MOTH, AND HE HAD BEEN SO ATTRACTED BY HER SLENDER WAIST THAT HE HAD STOPPED TO TALK TO HER.



"IT IS A RIDICULOUS ATTACHMENT," TWITTERED THE OTHER SWALLOWS. "SHE HAS NO MONEY AND FAR TOO MANY RELATIONS," AND INDEED THE RIVER WAS QUITE FULL OF REEDS. THEN, WHEN THE AUTUMN CAME...



...THEY ALL FLEW AWAY.



I WILL PUT UP HERE.



IT IS A FINE POSITION, WITH PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.



I HAVE A GOLDEN BEDROOM.



WHAT A CURIOUS THING.

THERE IS NOT A SINGLE CLOUD IN THE SKY, THE STARS ARE QUITE CLEAR AND BRIGHT, AND YET IT IS RAINING.



THE CLIMATE IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE IS REALLY DREADFUL.

I MUST LOOK FOR A GOOD CHIMNEY POT.



BUT, BEFORE HE HAD OPENED HIS WINGS, A THIRD DROP FELL AND HE LOOKED UP.

THE EYES OF THE HAPPY PRINCE WERE FILLED WITH TEARS...



...AND TEARS WERE RUNNING DOWN HIS GOLDEN CHEEKS!



WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE HAPPY PRINCE.

WHEN I WAS ALIVE AND HAD A HUMAN HEART I DID NOT KNOW WHAT TEARS WERE, FOR I LIVED IN THE PALACE OF SANS-SOUCI, WHERE SORROW IS NOT ALLOWED TO ENTER.

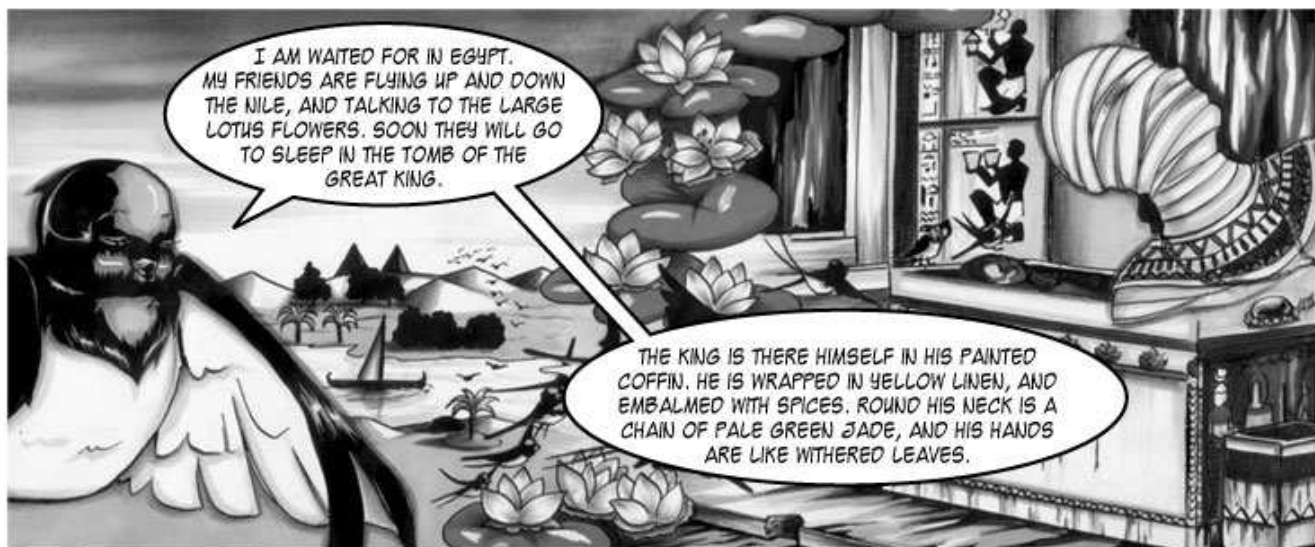
IN THE DAYTIME I PLAYED WITH MY COMPANIONS IN THE GARDEN, AND IN THE EVENING I LED THE DANCE IN THE GREAT HALL.

WHY ARE YOU WEEPING THEN? YOU HAVE QUITE DRENCHED ME.

ROUND THE GARDEN RAN A VERY LOFTY WALL, BUT I NEVER CARED TO ASK WHAT LAY BEYOND IT, EVERYTHING ABOUT ME WAS SO BEAUTIFUL- MY COURTIER'S CALLED ME THE HAPPY PRINCE, AND HAPPY INDEED I WAS, IF PLEASURE BE HAPPINESS.

SO I LIVED, AND SO I DIED.





I AM WAITED FOR IN EGYPT.
MY FRIENDS ARE FLYING UP AND DOWN
THE NILE, AND TALKING TO THE LARGE
LOTUS FLOWERS. SOON THEY WILL GO
TO SLEEP IN THE TOMB OF THE
GREAT KING.

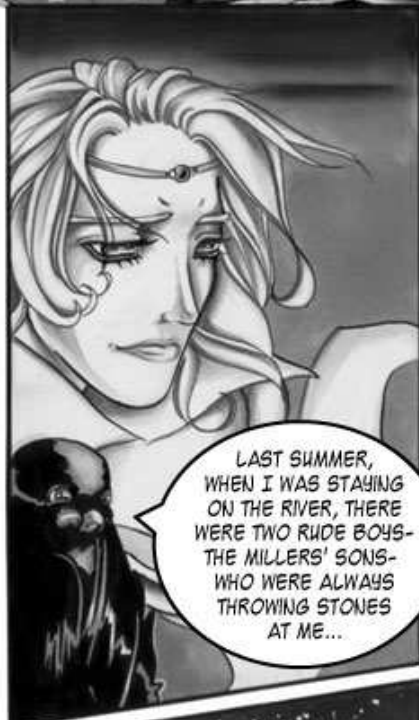
THE KING IS THERE HIMSELF IN HIS PAINTED
COFFIN. HE IS WRAPPED IN YELLOW LINEN, AND
EMBALMED WITH SPICES. ROUND HIS NECK IS A
CHAIN OF PALE GREEN JADE, AND HIS HANDS
ARE LIKE WITHERED LEAVES.



SWALLOW,
SWALLOW, LITTLE SWALLOW;
WILL YOU NOT STAY WITH ME
FOR ONE MORE NIGHT AND
BE MY MESSENGER?

THE BOY IS
SO THIRSTY AND THE
MOTHER SO SAD.

I DON'T THINK
I LIKE BOYS...



LAST SUMMER,
WHEN I WAS STAYING
ON THE RIVER, THERE
WERE TWO RUDE BOYS-
THE MILLERS' SONS-
WHO WERE ALWAYS
THROWING STONES
AT ME...



THEY NEVER HIT ME, OF COURSE;
WE SWALLOWS FLY FAR TOO WELL
FOR THAT, AND BESIDES I COME
FROM A FAMILY FAMOUS FOR ITS
AGILITY; BUT STILL IT WAS A
MARK OF DISRESPECT.



THE HAPPY PRINCE LOOKED SO SAD
THAT THE LITTLE SWALLOW WAS SORRY.

IT IS VERY COLD HERE,
BUT I WILL STAY WITH YOU FOR
ONE NIGHT AND BE YOUR
MESSENGER.



THANK YOU,
LITTLE SWALLOW.

SO THE SWALLOW PICKED
OUT THE GREAT RUBY FROM
THE PRINCE'S SWORD AND
FLEW AWAY.



HE PASSED BY THE PALACE
WHERE HE HEARD THE SOUND OF DANCING.



A BEAUTIFUL GIRL CAME
OUT, ONTO THE BALCONY
WITH HER LOVER.

HOW WONDERFUL
THE STARS ARE AND HOW
WONDERFUL IS THE POWER
OF LOVE.



I HOPE MY DRESS
WILL BE READY IN TIME FOR
THE STATE-BALL.

I HAVE ORDERED
PASSION-FLOWERS TO BE
EMBROIDERED ON IT-



BUT THE SEAMSTRESSES
ARE SO LAZY.



HE PASSED OVER THE RIVER, WHERE HE SAW THE LANTERNS
HANGING TO THE MASTS OF THE SHIPS. HE PASSED OVER THE GHETTO
AND SAW THE OLD JEWS BARGAINING WITH EACH OTHER AND WEIGHING
OUT MONEY IN COPPER SCALES.



AT LAST, THE SWALLOW
CAME TO THE POOR HOUSE
AND LOOKED IN.

THE MOTHER HAD FALLEN
ASLEEP, SHE WAS SO TIRED.



IN HE HOPPED AND LAID THE GREAT
RUBY ON THE TABLE BESIDE THE
WOMAN'S THIMBLE.



THEN HE FLEW GENTLY ROUND
THE BED, FANNING THE BOY'S
FOREHEAD WITH HIS WINGS.

HOW COOL
I FEEL, I MUST BE
GETTING BETTER.

THEN THE SWALLOW FLEW BACK TO THE HAPPY PRINCE AND TOLD HIM WHAT HE HAD DONE.

IT IS CURIOUS, BUT I FEEL QUITE WARM NOW ALTHOUGH IT IS SO COLD.

THAT IS BECAUSE YOU HAVE DONE A GOOD ACTION.

WHEN DAY BROKE, THE SWALLOW FLEW DOWN TO THE RIVER FOR A WASH.

WHAT A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON - A SWALLOW IN WINTER!

THE PROFESSOR OF ORNITHOLOGY WROTE A LONG LETTER ABOUT THE SIGHTING TO THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

IT WAS FULL OF MANY WORDS THAT THE NEWSPAPER MEN COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.

HAVE YOU ANY COMMISSIONS FOR EGYPT - I AM JUST STARTING.

SWALLOW, SWALLOW, LITTLE SWALLOW; WILL YOU NOT STAY WITH ME ONE NIGHT LONGER?

I AM WAITED FOR IN EGYPT. TOMORROW MY FRIENDS WILL FLY UP TO THE SECOND CATARACT.

THE RIVER-HORSE COUCHES THERE AMONGST THE BULLRUSHES, AND ON A GREAT GRANITE THRONE SITS THE GOD MEMNON.

ALL NIGHT LONG HE WATCHES THE STARS, AND WHEN THE MORNING STAR SHINES HE UTTERS ONE CRY OF JOY AND THEN HE IS SILENT.

AT NOON, THE YELLOW LIONS COME DOWN TO THE WATERS EDGE TO DRINK. THEY HAVE EYES LIKE GREEN BERYLS AND THEIR ROAR IS LOUDER THAN THE ROAR OF THE CATARACT.











AT THAT MOMENT A CURIOUS
CRACK SOUNDED INSIDE THE
STATUE, AS IF SOMETHING
HAD BROKEN...



"DEAR ME, HOW SHABBY
THE HAPPY PRINCE LOOKS"
SAID THE MAYOR.



HE IS LITTLE BETTER THAN
A BEGGAR AND THERE IS ACTUALLY
A DEAD BIRD AT HIS FEET!



WE MUST ISSUE
A PROCLAMATION THAT
BIRDS ARE NOT TO BE
ALLOWED TO DIE
HERE.



AND SO THEY PULLED DOWN THE STATUE OF THE HAPPY PRINCE.

WE MUST HAVE ANOTHER
STATUE, OF COURSE, AND IT SHALL
BE A STATUE OF MYSELF.

NO, OF MYSELF!

NO, MYSELF!

A STATUE
OF MYSELF!

AS HE IS NO LONGER
BEAUTIFUL, HE IS NO LONGER
USEFUL...





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